



VIEW IN THE STREET PALOMETTA DI SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES.

SCENES IN THE CITY OF NAPLES.

In the great street called "The Toledo," one of the principal thoroughfares in the city of Naples, the people sit on each side exposing their goods for sale, as if in the utmost quiet and security. Here, you are nearly treading upon one who lies asleep in the street; there a cripple is making his way through the crowd; further on sits a beggar. A gardener exposes his delicious flowers, which scatter perfumes as you pass; when lo, comes by a fisherman, declaiming aloud on the merits of his fish. A seller of lemonade makes the air sweet with the fragrance of the citron, till a fellow thrusts between your nose and the lemons his ill-savored oil cakes for Lent. Rival melon dealers shout across the street denunciations of each other, mingled with praises of his own fruit, given in all the luxuriance of Southern Italian. A vender of ices is succeeded by a vender of oysters and other shellfish; and these by a butcher—a baker—a dealer in glassware—a woman crying porcelain, to the accompaniment of a screaming child—a barterer—a linendraper—venders of cherries, figs, citrons, peaches, and apricots—another beggar—book and picture-dealers—open-air cooks—boot-cleaners—and all in your way. Equipages do not, as with us, monopolize the streets, or threaten the lives of the pedestrians. The now almost forgotten corriolo is sometimes seen, with the grand coaches of the great, but the life in Naples is in those who throng its streets afoot.

All business seems to be done, here, out of doors. Think, too, of the buyers whom there must be for all these sellers;—ladies, dandies, gentlemen, officers, travelers, sailors, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, friars and clergymen, of all classes, scavengers collecting ordure and screaming its merits, beggar-women with children half naked, or wholly *au naturel*, begging aloud or in pantomime, children playing, mothers suckling, groups of wretched *lazzaroni*, soldiers in various uniforms, day thieves—I cannot name them as fast as they come!

Maidens make their toilet in the street; yea, through the open doors you may see the people getting out of bed! Here's a shoemaker or a tailor is taking the measure of a customer's foot or buck—there a monk is solemnly probing the conscience of a poor woman; here is a girl dictating a love-letter in the crowded street—and there they are taking tickets for a lottery. One fellow is picking up the ends of cigars, to sell again. Then, there passes by a procession of nuns, proceeding to perform their offices at the houses of the sick, and chanting their litany through all this hubbub. An altar follows, carried by four men, and bearing the head of a dying Madonna. The people around take off their caps, assume a moment's aspect of devotion—and then the noise begins again.

This scene in the Toledo looks like a satire—a caricature on human life, and all its doings and strivings. 'Tis a masquerade, like that of the Roman Corso, in Carnival time. A favorite mask is that of the beggar "dying of hunger." One woman, with an infant in her arms, fell down at my feet as if dead. I was terrified and disgusted, because no one seemed to regard such a spectacle of misery; nor could I believe it to be a deception until I saw the same performance repeated twice, in one day, by the same woman.

The Palometta di Santa Lucia, less of a business street, shows less of the street-venders and more domestic out-door life groups, chiefly of women, of all ages and conditions, from the lady who looks down from her balcony to the beggar's child.

After all the fine forms and features that I had seen in Rome, I was astonished that I could discover so few fine women in Naples. I can venture to affirm that, for some days, I gazed through the masses of people around me without observing a single handsome woman.

We issued on the Molo; and here you might imagine all the business and amusements of Naples to be concentrated. The place was crowded with men not quite half-clad—*lazzaroni*, who offended the ears of the passer-by with coarse jests. They stood, lay, and sat at the theatre door, delighting themselves with the drolleries as of Punchinello. A company in a booth ate macaroni as fast as it came out of the kettle; a family of beggars were grouped together on a dirty coverlet. Sailors and young women were confessing the secrets of their affections to the letter-writer—a hump-backed, old-fashioned fellow, in most instances. On the stone-work of the Molo sat an old sailor, with an oil-skin hat and a jacket swung over his shoulder, holding a manuscript and reading; and near him a company of cooks, with white caps and aprons—sailors, with white trousers, their straw-hats flung knowingly on their heads—soldiers—and other Neapolitans—all listening with the utmost eagerness. We stepped into a boat, and were rowed over the water. The city presented a new spectacle as the night darkened—that of an illumination extending all along the margin of the bay. The stationary lights of the city shone through a tremulous haze of golden red—marking the outlines of the streets and open places, while the moving lights of carriages went sparkling to and fro—and all was reflected on the deep water of the bay. The scene was fairy-like. I could have fancied myself in a world of glow-worms—or that some spell had transformed the crowd into a people of will-o'-the-wisps. Before I had sufficiently enjoyed the vision, or reduced the manifold and wondrous impressions made upon my fancy to order, the notes of Naples were again sounding in my ears as we approached the Molo. We landed mid its hurry and confusion; and, after the sublime quietude enjoyed on the bay, the scene here, with its wild groups in the torchlight, had something of a demoniac aspect. I could have fancied myself in some Pandemonian kitchen, when I saw the dark-brown, half-clad cooks, with their *hocus-pocus*, by their fires and tables with flambeaus stuck all around. Wild-looking

men, with black snaky locks, and eyes that shone like the torches, were devouring their macaroni; while a troop of *lazzaroni* went singing by, and the shouts from the booths and houses rivaled the cries of the open place. It seemed an Inferno—not Dante's, but one where some jocose demon ruled the riot. A wretched cripple of a beggar followed me, with abjurations so terrible, that I almost fled from him as from a spectre.





WATER-CARRIERS, FRIARS AND CLERGY AS THEY WERE IN NAPLES.



THE COMICCOLO OR PUBLIC CONVEYANCE AT NAPLES.

